

## CONDENSED CLASSICS

## WATERLOO

By MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN

Condensation by Charles E. L. Wingate

Erckmann-Chatrian is the joint name of two French writers whose collaboration made their work that of, so to speak, one personality; the former writing chiefly and the latter editing and adapting for the stage. Emile Erckmann was born on the 20th of May, 1822, at Phalsbourg; and Louis Chatrian Alexandre Chatrian, on the 18th of December, 1826, at Solothurn, Lorraine. They began their work together in 1847 and continued doing so until 1889.

Among their first publications are "Science et Genie," "Schinderhannes" and many short stories. The series of novels to which Erckmann-Chatrian owe in great part their reputation includes "Le Fou Yegor," "Madame Therese," "Histoire d'un Conscrit de 1813," "L'Ami Fritz," "Histoire de Homme des Peuple," and many others. Their dramatic compositions and adaptations are "Georges le Chasseur des Ruines," "L'Ancien en 1814."

Their stories, dealing with the realities of the times, are distinguished by simplicity and a genuine descriptive power, particularly in battle scenes and those of Alsatian peasant life.

THERE was joy unbounded when Louis the Eighteenth returned in 1814.

Yes, everybody was delighted, except the old soldiers and the fencing masters.

Living with Father Goulden in Phalsbourg, of old Lorraine, I was happy in the belief that conscription was now over, and that at last, I should be able to marry Catherine and live in peace.

So, when the marriage permit came, I rushed at once to her with the news. I kissed her, again and again and we both went for joy.

And then, after the happiness of marrying Catherine, my greatest delight lay in thinking that I should be a tradesman for the rest of my life. Ah, what a happy life! what satisfaction to be young and to have a simple, good, industrious wife! We shall never be old! We shall always love one another and always retain about us those whom we love.

Thus days and weeks went by. But, later on, we found that the returning royalists, the ministers and the princes, who had rushed back to France after Napoleon's banishment, adopted the most insolent manner toward us, the people. And as to their treatment of Napoleon's former soldiers I can still hear the commandant expostulating, "They are starving us; they are treating us like Cossacks; only they are too cowardly to shoot us!"

But, about the beginning of March, a rumor began to circulate that the emperor had escaped from Elba and had landed in France. Quickly his advance toward Paris followed; and the old soldiers, sent out to restrain him, rushed forward to kneel at his feet. Thus it was that Napoleon again came to the throne.

What happened afterward, however, was not so agreeable to me, now a married man, settled as I had hoped for a life of peace. For I was called to the colors. Aunt Gretel, who had always been like a mother to me, sobbed aloud. Catherine passed into a deadly swoon.

Yet, in spite of all, I needs must leave for the army with my old veteran soldier friend, Zebede, and at once we were rushed to the front.

One day, as we halted, the emperor came to our lines and the whole division shouted "Vive l'Empereur!"

I had a good view of him as he advanced with his arms crossed behind his back and his head bent. He had grown stouter and more sallow since the days of Leipzig. He looked much older and his cheeks were flabby. Little wonder, also, that he appeared worried—for had he not lost everybody's confidence? The old soldiers alone retained their love for him; they were ready to conquer or to die in his behalf. But for my part I cared much more for Catherine than for the emperor. Of her I thought with greatest tenderness, the more so knowing that she would soon become a mother. And I prayed to God to preserve my life.

At last we came upon the Prussians and, driving them back at Ligny, marched on against the British.

I thought I should drop every moment from weakness, but finally near Waterloo, on mounting a little ridge, we saw the English pickets through the rain.

In a cornfield, under a beating storm, we lay like gypsies, our teeth chattering with the cold—and yet thinking of unsuiciding our fellow men, and esteeming ourselves lucky if we had a turnip, a carrot or anything else to keep up our strength. Is that a life for honest men? Is it for this that God created us? Is it not an abomination to think that a king or an emperor, instead of encouraging commerce and diffusing liberty, should reduce us to this state by hundreds of thousands? I know that this is called glory, but people are foolish to glorify such men who have lost all sense of right and heart and religion.

When I awoke in the morning, the church-bells were ringing and I thought:

"Today is Sunday, a day of peace and rest. Father Goulden, dressed in

his best coat and a clean shirt, is thinking of me. Catherine is sitting on the bed and weeping. Aunt Gretel has taken her prayer-book and is going to mass." As I pictured to myself that quiet, happy life, I could have burst into tears.

But the drums began to beat and the trumpets sounded.

The first movement was when our four divisions were ordered to advance. We were about twenty thousand men marching in two lines and sinking up to our knees with every step in the soft mud. Nobody spoke a word.

Face to face with us were the English, in perfect order, their cannoners with lighted matches in their hands.

On all sides, as far as the eye could reach, nothing was to be seen but cuirasses, helmets, swords, lances and rows of bayonets.

"What a battle!" cried Buche, my comrade-at-arms. "Woe to the English!"

And I thought as he did. I believed that not a single Englishman would escape. But bad luck pursued us that day; though, had it not been for the Prussians, I think we should have exterminated them all.

Down into the little valley we poured, right into the face of the English fire, and shouting all the time "Give them the bayonet!"

The batteries hurled their grape-shot point blank upon us. It was then, for the first time, I saw the English close at hand. They had fair skins and were clean shaven like respectable citizens. They can fight well, too—but we are as good as they. Every shot of the English told; and this forced us to break our ranks, for men are not mere palisades.

And almost at the same moment we saw a mass of red dragoons, on gray horses, sweeping along like the wind and sabring our stragglers without mercy. It was one of the most terrible moments of my life as we were driven back.

What a fearful thing is a battle!

Then out came Marshal Ney waving his sword in the air. Older, thinner and more bony than when I saw him last but still the same brave soldier with the clear eyes that seemed to take us all in.

"Forward," he cried, "I shall lead you myself!" And we rushed ahead, one after the other like a pack of wolves, until we gained the principal outpost of the British.

But suddenly the rumor spread that the Prussians were coming. I felt myself grow pale.

At that moment cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" rose from thousands of throats behind us, and looking back I saw all our cavalry of the right wing advancing to attack the solid squares of the English. It was an awesome sight. With waving sabres they rushed pell-mell again and again upon the red-coats. Twenty such charges they made, until the horses of our cuirassiers, exhausted, could no longer even walk—and there still stood the great red lines, steadfast as walls.

Now all that remained for attack was the Old Guard—those wonderful veterans who had fought in Germany, in Egypt, in Spain and in Russia, of whom the Emperor took special care and who no longer knew parents or relations. They only knew the emperor who was their god. When it was said in the ranks "The Guard is going to charge," it was the same as saying, "The battle is won!"

And Ney commanded them!

Upon the Guard fell the concentrated hail of bullets. In twenty minutes every officer had been dismounted and the Guard, reduced from three thousand men to twelve hundred, slowly gave way.

Now the entire English army fell upon us. And, as the remnant of the Old Guard fell backward, across the field fled hussars, cuirassiers, artillery and infantry like an army of savages.

What can I tell you more? It was utter rout. And in the valley old Blucher, with forty thousand Prussians, was looming up.

The end had come—and I wept like a child.

Back we scurried, borne down with fatigue, hunger and despair.

"Keep on," cried Buche, "the Prussians take no prisoners. Look! they are cutting down everyone."

So back, back, even to Paris we fled, and there we learned that hostilities were to be suspended, that the emperor had gone, and that the king was returning to the throne. Desertions began.

I hurried on from village to village and at last reached Phalsbourg—and my home.

Up the stairs I sprang; Catherine was in my arms. I fell to sobbing so violently that one would have thought misfortune had come upon me.

The first words of Catherine were, "Joseph, I knew that you would come back. I had put my trust in God."

Thus happiness finally reached us.

Now I have lived to see the return of the flag of liberty and to see the nation increase in wealth, in education and in happiness. People begin to understand their rights. They know that war only brings increase of taxation and suffering; and when the people, as masters, shall say, "Instead of sending our sons to perish by thousands beneath the sword and the cannon, we will have them taught and made men!" who will dare gainsay them?

In this hope I bid you farewell, my friends, and I embrace you with all my heart.

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## UTAH STATE NEWS

Two men were killed and one injured at a lime quarry operated by Frank Grey of Payson for the Utah-Idaho Sugar company two miles west of Santaquin at 12:30 o'clock Tuesday.

Sometime in July the factory of the Ephraim Sanitary Canning Co. will begin packing the 1921 crop of peas. All indications point to a very successful year, according to officials of the company.

Newton Clemensen of Mt. Pleasant is making preparation to install an ice plant which will produce one ton of ice per day. Mr. Clemensen feels it is a long felt need of that city and expects to have it in operation within a very short time.

W. W. Jones of Price has been named by R. E. Caldwell, state engineer, to be water commissioner of the Price river as a result of disputes regarding distribution of the water. The principal rights in contention are those of the Wellington and Allred canal systems and the Carbon Land, Water and Power company.

The campaign against noxious weeds in Weber county will open within a few days, according to D. J. Hammon, county crops and pests inspector, who says that he will send letters to the farmers, urging them to cooperate in the movement and citing the state law, which demands that property owners rid their premises of weeds.

Work on the repaving of the concrete road between Tremonton and Garland, in Boxelder county, will be begun within the next month. It is expected, because of the decision reached by Governor Mahoy and members of the state road commission to spend \$10,000 from the commission's contingent fund as the state's share of expense on the project.

Rain is needed in all parts of Utah, according to the report issued by the United States weather bureau, both for the crops and to settle the dust and cool the atmosphere. This is the report for the week ending July 12. It tells that the crops under water are doing very well, but that the dry crops, or those raised without irrigation, are in a bad way.

Mrs. Henry Cendagorta, wife of an Ogden business man, was severely scalded Sunday at Yellowstone park when she stumbled and fell into a hot pot near Old Faithful geyser and Dr. Mario Isanda of San Francisco was painfully burned in dragging her from the water. It was learned when Mrs. Cendagorta was brought to an Ogden hospital for treatment.

Sixty-one banks in the state now hold deposits of state funds and the increased rate of interest to 3 per cent on daily balances brings in revenue enough to more than pay the running expenses of the state treasurer's office. The interest paid on daily balances in the banks during June aggregated \$3504, and this sum has been paid into the state treasury.

Members of the utility commission and of the Weber county commission are investigating the accident at Orchard a week ago, when Mr. and Mrs. Nels E. Oberg and Mr. and Mrs. Fred R. Hayes, all of Ogden, were killed by a Bamberger train. It is reported that those investigating the affair will take action to eliminate the dangers of Brockbank crossing at which six persons have been killed by trains.

The Ogden Rotary club has gone on record as endorsing the movement of the Salt Lake Rotary club for the observance of "Good Roads" day in Utah on August 3. The request to the local club was received from Wesley E. King, chairman of the committee of the Salt Lake club. It was requested that the local club interest the residents of Ogden city and Weber county in joining in observance of the day.

Albert Wickman, 27, and A. J. Goodall, 21, both of Santaquin, Utah, were killed early Tuesday while working in a quarry operated by Frank Grey for the Utah-Idaho Sugar company, two miles west of Santaquin. On Sunday an unsuccessful attempt was made to dislodge a wall of limestone with two blasts. Tuesday morning the wall, evidently weakened by the vibration of the preceding day, collapsed and buried both men.

Jas. B. Hickman, formerly of the Pooe County Realty Co., has accepted the position of appraiser with the State Land Board in Salt Lake City and is in Tooele County this week appraising farm lands of those farmers making application to the State Land Board for loans. Mr. Hickman is associated with M. F. Cowley and Mr. Kimball of Salt Lake City, also appraisers for the board under the direction of John T. Oldroyd, who was named State Land Commissioner when the membership of the board was reduced by the Legislature to one man.

Reports from practically every part of Box Elder county on the recent cold wave are to the effect that while considerable damage was done, the loss will not be as great as was feared.

The Progressive Business club of Ogden has demanded the strict enforcement of the store closing ordinances of that city and has appointed a special committee to take the matter up with the proper authorities. The committee consists of Charles R. Holingsworth, A. L. Glasman and E. F. Piers.

## Great Parade of the Christian Endeavorers



View of the great parade of 15,000 delegates to the sixth World Christian Endeavor convention in New York. The photograph shows the Utah delegation, with the Kansans following.

## ASK FOR "INDIAN DAY"



Chief Buffalo Bear and Princess Buffalo Bear, Sioux Indians of South Dakota, leaving the White House, where they called on President Harding to urge that a day be set aside to be known as "Indian Day" in honor of the Indians who fought in the recent war. A chief's head-dress for the President and moccasins for Mrs. Harding were the presents brought by the Indians.

## DUKE AND HIS BRIDE



Photograph of the duke and duchess of Marlborough, taken just after they had been married in Paris, in the home of Eugene Higgins, cousin of the bride. The bride formerly was Miss Gladys Deacon, member of a noted Boston family. She was an old friend of the former countess, Consuelo Vanderbilt, who after divorcing the duke married a Frenchman.

## ADMIRAL, NOT ACTOR



The gentleman in the high hat, who looks like Raymond Hitchcock, really is one of the most famous of British fighters—Admiral Earl Beatty. He and his friend Major Courage were snapped at the international polo matches.

## Made Dictionary of Surnames.

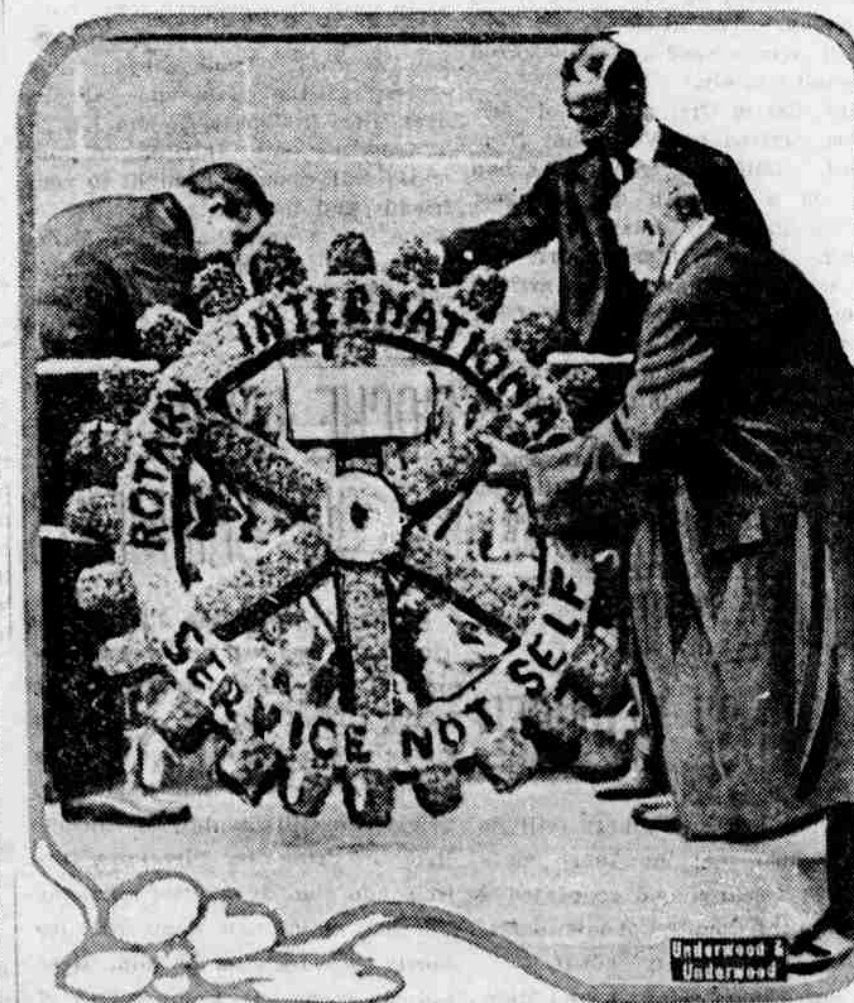
Henry Harrison, an English author, who died recently, spent 30 years compiling a dictionary of surnames of the United Kingdom.

## Will Entertain the Hardings



Mr. and Mrs. T. Suffer Tailor of New York and Newport, R. I., who will be hosts to President and Mrs. Harding at "Honeysuckle Lodge," the Tailor residence at Newport. The date of the President's visit to Newport has not yet been announced.

## Rotarians at the London Cenotaph



Some of the delegates from American Rotary clubs to the big international convention of Rotarians in Edinburgh are here shown placing a "Rotary" wreath on the Cenotaph in London.

## TAKEN FROM EXCHANGES.

India has 30 cities with a population of more than 100,000.

Grapes used for making champagne are squeezed six times during the process.

Egypt possesses the largest tomb in the world—the pyramid of Cheops, which covers 13 acres and is 461 feet high.

A physician of eminence asserts that the craving for intoxicants can be cured by eating raw apples at every meal.

Camel's thorn is much used for fuel in southwestern Asia.

Silk of the threads of brocade are dyed green before they are woven.

There are now more than 12,000,000 women who work for a living in the United States.

The square in front of St. Sophia's, familiar to every visitor to Constantinople, is now a Y. M. C. A. playground.

One home in every two in the rural districts of Ontario has a telephone and an average of one farm out of every four has a motor car.